

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

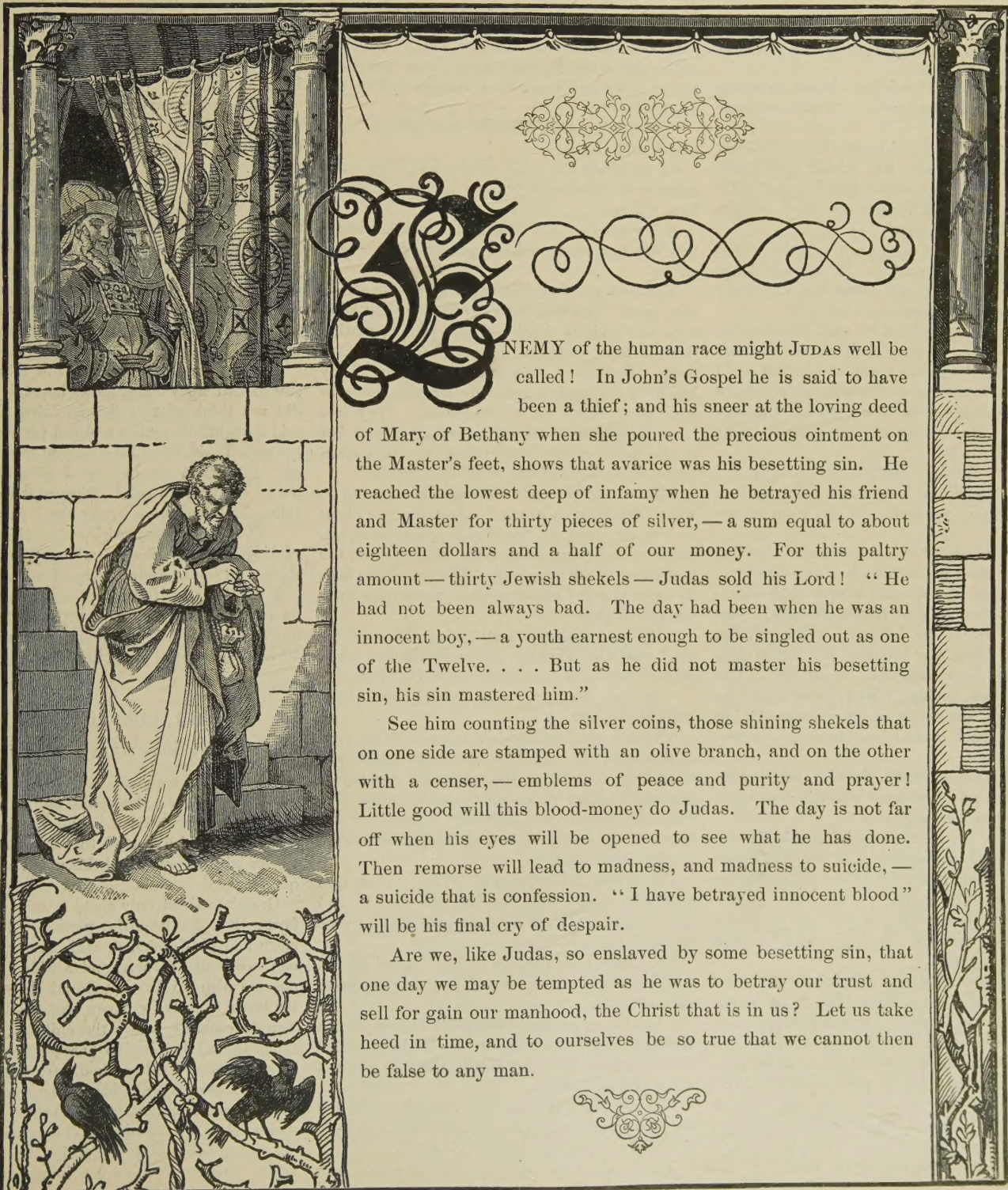
CORTHELL SC.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

VOL. II. — No. 16.

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NEMY of the human race might JUDAS well be called! In John's Gospel he is said to have been a thief; and his sneer at the loving deed

of Mary of Bethany when she poured the precious ointment on the Master's feet, shows that avarice was his besetting sin. He reached the lowest deep of infamy when he betrayed his friend and Master for thirty pieces of silver, — a sum equal to about eighteen dollars and a half of our money. For this paltry amount — thirty Jewish shekels — Judas sold his Lord! "He had not been always bad. The day had been when he was an innocent boy, — a youth earnest enough to be singled out as one of the Twelve. . . . But as he did not master his besetting sin, his sin mastered him."

See him counting the silver coins, those shining shekels that on one side are stamped with an olive branch, and on the other with a censer, — emblems of peace and purity and prayer! Little good will this blood-money do Judas. The day is not far off when his eyes will be opened to see what he has done. Then remorse will lead to madness, and madness to suicide, — a suicide that is confession. "I have betrayed innocent blood" will be his final cry of despair.

Are we, like Judas, so enslaved by some besetting sin, that one day we may be tempted as he was to betray our trust and sell for gain our manhood, the Christ that is in us? Let us take heed in time, and to ourselves be so true that we cannot then be false to any man.

MISS ACTON'S PLAN.

BY HELEN M. HARMER.



HETTIE HAWLEY sat in the deep recess of the dining-room window. The snow was falling silently and swiftly; but Hettie was not thinking of the cold outside or the warmth or comfort within. To judge by her tear-stained face and the occasional quiver of her under lip, her thoughts must have been anything but pleasant; still, a close observer might have seen that it was not ill temper or sulkiness that caused her to look so very doleful in this the third week of her Christmas holidays.

"I can't help it," she said aloud; "I've tried and tried till I am sick of trying, and it's all no use."

"Tried what, dear?" said the kind, pleasant voice of a young lady who had entered the room unnoticed by Hettie.

"Oh, Miss Acton!" cried the latter, springing to her feet in visible confusion, "I did not know you were here."

"And why do I find you alone, Hettie?" asked Miss Acton, when she had kissed her young friend, taking no notice of the traces of her grief.

Hettie colored, and turned her head away a little, then she said abruptly, —

"Mamma won't let me go out with the others, because Jack and I quarrelled. Of course he came off conqueror as usual. Oh, Miss Acton! I really believe Mamma hates me, I do indeed."

"Hettie, my dear, hush!" said Miss Acton, seating herself in an easy chair by the fire and drawing the little girl to a seat at her feet. "I am sure you do not know what you are saying, or you would not speak of your good kind mother in that way. But tell me all your trouble, I may be able to help you."

"No, Miss Acton," replied Hettie sadly, "I cannot help myself; so I am sure no one can help me. It's all my own fault; but oh, I am so unhappy!"

"Poor little girl!" said Miss Acton, kindly; "tell me all about it, and how it is your fault."

"Why, it is my own bad temper that makes everybody hate me," said Hettie tearfully; "and they do all dislike me I know. Why, only last night when Lottie was bringing her doll to show me the new dress nurse had made for it, Eva called her back, saying: 'Hettie won't care for your doll, Lot, she's such an old cross-patch'; so Lottie went back, and I was too angry to say anything."

"And don't you think, dear?" asked Miss Acton, "that you had done something to cause Eva to call you a cross-patch?"

"Oh, I dare say I had," replied Hettie, slowly; "but because I had scolded Eva for drawing on my exercise book, it was no reason she should try to make Lottie dislike me."

"You said before that it was all your own fault, but now you are blaming others," replied Miss Acton, gravely.

"Well," answered Hettie, "it is hard to think I am so bad when I really have tried to be better. One day I did everything I was asked, and took no notice when Jack and Bertie teased me and tried to make me answer back; but at night when Mamma asked why I was so quiet, Jack said, 'Oh, she has put on the air of a martyr all day; I guess she feels sulky.' Then I could stand it no longer; so I spoke roughly and angrily to him, and spoiled all the good I had done during the day."

"Not quite all," replied Miss Acton; "you tried to do good, but you did not go to work the right way. You wanted to be perfect all at once, and that was impossible; and then you felt so proud of what you did, that you thought yourself better than any one else. You could not expect the others to think so, because it takes a long time to earn a good name. Now, I think the others have faults too, but you are the eldest girl and ought to make the first start; and I think I can tell you of a plan, which, if carefully followed, may lead to great results."

"Oh, how I would love you if you could," said Hettie. "I will do anything you tell me."

"Listen then," said Miss Acton. "You must begin to-morrow morning and provide yourself with a note-book; you need not try to do a single kind action at first, only refrain from making an ill-natured remark when any of the children are disputing. If you have nothing pleasant to say, be silent; then you must make a note every time you restrain yourself; and you will be surprised at the end of the day to find how many opportunities of being angry you have avoided. Will you do this dear?"

"Certainly, Miss Acton, that will be very easy," said Hettie.

"I am afraid not," said the former; "but I will come over to-morrow evening and see how you have got on."

A few minutes later Miss Acton took her leave, and left her young friend pondering over her advice.

The next morning Hettie got up a little earlier than usual. She took from her desk a small note-book and a nicely sharpened lead pencil; putting these in her pocket she descended to the dining-room. Bertie and Jack were there alone. They had been out skating, and were scraping the snow from their skates on to the carpet. They had been forbidden to take them off anywhere but in the hall, yet like many other boys they often forgot what they did not wish to remember.

"How mean they are," thought Hettie, "to do what they know is wrong." And she was about to tell the boys so, when she remembered her promise, and going over to the window made her first entry in the note-book. The rest of the family came in soon, and breakfast passed over without any dispute.

"Hettie, I wish you would wind this wool for me," said Mrs. Hawley, just as Hettie had taken up her story-book and settled herself to read.

"Oh, yes, Mamma," said Hettie, more pleasantly than usual.

"Thank you," replied her mother. "Oh, here comes Eva! she will hold the skein while you wind it." Eva did as she was asked; but before the wool was half wound she began fidgeting. She was only seven, and naturally restless. "Oh, Hettie!" she cried, "how long this takes! you are moving like a snail."

Hettie was on the point of saying, "How dare you be so rude!" but she checked herself, and said instead, "It will be done soon, dear; I dare say your arms do ache."

"Oh, how nice you are to-day!" cried Eva in surprise; "will you come and play keeping-house with me?"

"Yes, dear, presently," replied Hettie, with a feeling of deep shame as she thought how unkind she must have been for Eva to think so much of a few pleasant words.

Mamma thanked them both when they took her the wool, and though she said nothing she noticed the bright expression on Hettie's face.

Just as the girls were leaving the room, Jack

rushed in looking very hot and angry. "Mamma," he exclaimed, "those clothes you ordered are horrid. I don't want to be dressed like a baby all my life. Look at that," and he threw on the table a pretty little gray plaited coat, trimmed with braid to match.

"These are not what I ordered," said Mrs. Hawley; "but what is the matter with them?"

"Why, you promised I should have a coat and vest like Harry Grant," answered Jack.

"And look like a little old man with your hands in your pockets all day," were the words that rushed to Hettie's lips and tried their best to escape before she remembered they were not kind.

We cannot stop to tell our readers how many opportunities Hettie had that day of restraining her unpleasant remarks. I am sorry to say that she forgot more than once; but when the evening came, and she brought her note-book to show Miss Acton, she was shocked and surprised to find there were no less than twenty-three entries.

"Oh, Miss Acton!" she cried, "I did not think I was so bad."

"I did not expect you to do so well," said Miss Acton. "This is only one day; see how much more you will have achieved by the end of the week."

"But, Miss Acton," said Hettie, ruefully, "these are such little things. I am ashamed to think I ever felt inclined to be so unkind."

"My dear Hettie," said Miss Acton, "don't you know that a whole life is made happy or unhappy by small things like these? Many people who could sacrifice a great treasure find the tiny daily troubles more than they can bear bravely."

Hettie sat quite still for a few minutes, then she looked up with a more hopeful face. "I did not think of this before, Miss Acton," she said thoughtfully; "but will you please try to forget what I said about Mamma yesterday? I found out to-day that she has loved me all the while; only I tried not to see it, because it was nicer to think the others were wrong and I was right."

"That is the way with older children too," said Miss Acton rising; "they often try to hide their own faults under cover of other people's."

From that day Hettie kept a very careful watch on her conduct, and was surprised to find how much pleasanter it was to be kind and cheerful when she had once made the effort.

GRACIE'S EASTER.

BY MRS. MARY JOHNSON.

GRACE had sprained her ankle; and though the pain was over, she could not walk, and had to lie on the sofa all day. She was disappointed, too, for she had expected to go to Grandma's at Easter with the rest, and this now was out of the question.

Grandma lived only about a mile away, on a farm. It was a beautiful place. The house was large and old-fashioned, with sunny rooms and odd nooks and corners, and a wide veranda half covered with woodbine. Grand old elms shaded the house from the summer heat, and on one side was an orchard, where the children had merry times in fall helping to harvest apples, besides eating as many as they liked. On the other hand was a flower-garden, where grew roses and day-lilies, pansies, pinks, and larkspur, mignonette and bluebell, candy-tuft and sweet-william, — all the dear, old-fashioned "posies," as pretty and sweet now as they were a hundred years ago.

Just across the road a little brook rippled and sang. The house stood on rising ground, and from its chamber windows could be seen the village, and beyond grain and hay-fields, woods and hills and winding river. The children lived in the village. They had a pretty home, they had kittens and a little brown spaniel; but at Grandma's there was more room to play, and there was the wide old barn, with its sweet-smelling mows, — such a grand place for hide-and-seek. There was bay Charlie, so gentle they could feed him from their hands with apples and seed-cakes; there were the brown cows, the hens and chickens, puss and her family, all on friendly terms with a great shaggy dog; and there was a pigeon-loft in the barn. Pretty white fantails lived there, or rather had their nests, and went in and out of tiny doors in the roof, just as they pleased. The children liked to feed and watch them; they were so tame they would come at a call, and pick up corn and bread-crumbs close to the little folks' feet; sometimes they would even light on their shoulders, and neither pussy nor Trusty ever thought of harming them. Grandma herself was a dear old lady, and very fond of her grandchildren. She always had some story to tell, or some curious thing to show them.

The family plan had been to walk over to Grandma's after church, and stay to tea. But as Charlie said, "Grace must go and sprain her ankle." And what made it worse for her was that Grandpa's horse was lame at the same time, otherwise they would gladly have sent for the little girl. Bertie said, "If Charlie had only been accommodating enough to take some other time to hurt his foot," and then Grace laughed, and asked him if he thought Charlie did it on purpose.

"I am sorry for you, dear," said Mamma, as she came to Gracie's sofa, and sat down beside her; "but you know it is not so much loss as if it were at Christmas, when all the aunts and cousins come home to Grandpa's; there are only ourselves now. Just as soon as you can walk so far you shall go; and I will stay with you this afternoon, and read to you."

"I've something to say about that," interposed Papa. "I want to stay with Gracie myself, and let Mamma go. Won't I do almost as well, Grace?"

"Oh, I don't want any one to stay at home," answered the little girl, "only Dorothy, — she'd be here any way. I can read, and I've kitty and Brownie to keep me company," and she patted the gray kitten asleep in her lap, while the little dog, hearing his name mentioned, came to her side, put up his fore-paws on the sofa, wagged his tail and looked up in her face to assure her of his sympathy.

Mamma still thought she had better stay at home, but finally yielded to Gracie's entreaties and assurance, — "I shall feel a great deal happier, Mamma, if you go, than if I'm keeping you at home."

It was hard for Grace, after all; the time seemed long, though her book was interesting, and Dorothy brought her a nice supper in some of the prettiest china dishes. She was very glad to see them all home again.

"Grandma sent you something, dear," said Mamma as she came in, bringing a small covered basket.

"Easter eggs," guessed Gracie, untying the cord in a great hurry. "She didn't know Dorothy colored some for us, did she? Why, there's something moving, — why won't this knot untie?"

Mamma came to her aid: "They *were* eggs not long ago," she said, as Gracie lifted the cover, and gave a little scream of delight.

Two beautiful fantail pigeons, white as snow, flew out, and perched, one on the sofa-back, the other on the stand by her side, not much alarmed by their journey. They turned their pretty heads this way and that, their bright black eyes peering about the room, and presently began coolly dressing their feathers.

"They are very tame," said Mamma, "and will soon feel quite at home. Grandma has petted them a great deal, to get them tame for you. I'll take care of them till your ankle is well. And then you shall go and make Grandma a visit, and tell her yourself how you like your Easter eggs!"

SONG OF THE APPLE-TREE.

BY M. E. N. HATHAWAY.

WHEN the skies begin to ring
With the voices of the spring,
Wakened from my winter's rest,
Soon my boughs with green are dressed.

Soon my bloom in pink and white
Spreads its banquet of delight,
Calling bee and butterfly
From the fields and gardens nigh.

Then the bold winds sweeping down
Tear away my flowery crown;
But the tiny apples stay,
Growing fairer day by day,

As the summer's royal sun
Fills with sweetness every one,
And with gold and crimson streak
Brushes every rounded cheek.

When the autumn time comes round,
Cheerfully upon the ground
All my ripened fruit I pour,
Heaping high the harvest store.

When the singing birds have flown,
And the leaves and grass are gone,
And the snows are drifting deep,
Then again I fall asleep.

History and Biography.

THE ROMANS IN PALESTINE.

REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, in one of his Channing Hall Lecture-Talks to Sunday-school teachers, gave the following vivid word-picture of the doings of the Romans in the land of the Jews. After saying that every great military commander in the century just before the Christian Era touched Palestine and Jerusalem, Mr. Hale continued: —

"Pompey's campaign in Syria is his last; and we see him turning from the Holy of Holies, which he has found all empty. A year or two, and Pompey is in flight, is murdered; and here in turn is his murderer, the first Cæsar, in the very first hours of his empire, looking amazed on these monuments of a strange superstition, and rewarding with princely gifts Herod's father and his soldiers, to whose prompt swords he owes much of his victory. The panorama rolls on; Cæsar is struck dead, and the conspirators are ravaging Asia for supplies. Here is his murderer, the lean and hungry Cassius, squeezing tribute and soldiers from the new mine of Jewish wealth which the piety of the little province had hoarded. Tribute and soldiers are all sunk in the ruin of Philippi. The scene rolls on, and here is Mark Antony, his conqueror, the prince of Roman

gentlemen. Jerusalem has seen him before. That was when a young soldier he marched with the first Herod down to Cæsar's help in Egypt. And now it is no longer Antony the fresh soldier, it is Antony the ripened ruler of the world, who comes. And here is Cleopatra at his side. Nor her first visit, either. She passed through just now, as she went north to meet him there at Cygnus. She went his subject; he returns hers. There still sounds upon his ears the play of her silver oars, 'which to the tune of flutes kept stroke,' when in her 'burnished barge' she first met him; when

'She so charmed all hearts that gazing crowds
Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath
To give their welcome voice.'

"The mob of Jerusalem stares at the Egyptian queen and her conqueror captive. And they pass on. And then, with her honeyed guile, Cleopatra so besets him that he will give her just this little province — this strange Jerusalem — that she may add it to her Egypt. Shall it be so? Canaan one with Egypt again, as in those old days of famine? Strange enough it seems! There was no other thing which Antony ever refused to Cleopatra. But this he must refuse. By many a province and many a city, he compensated her for the unlover-like denial. And Jerusalem and the land of Judah is — God only knows why or how — kept from the reign of the lascivious queen! But Jerusalem is to see her again! Cleopatra is not so easily denied. And when Antony next leaves her, here she is besetting Herod in his rule of Judah. The charms which have won Cæsar and Pompey will seduce him, perhaps, and she shall so unite Egypt and Judah, and reign the only queen, crowned in two continents? No, Cleopatra; you do not know Herod. His name is not yet known for what it is, — the synonym of selfishness and of tyranny. No room there for tender passion. Herod coolly weighs Cleopatra's love against Antony's favor, and sends her disgraced away. And she leads Antony to ruin. And at the last battle, where he weighed her against the world and found the last the lightest, there are Jewish soldiers in his armies; it is Jewish money with which he makes his last presents to his friends. Antony flees, the young Augustus pursues; our Herod is first to change his allegiance, meets the young Emperor, pledges his faith to him; Antony's friend returns to Judah Cæsar's friend, and in a day or two leads out the pageantry of Judah to meet the young Augustus as he marches down to crush Antony and Cleopatra together. It is Herod's care which brings him safe over the desert; these are Herod's water-jars from which his thirsty soldiers are drinking, and when Antony has fallen and Cleopatra has fallen, it is to our Jerusalem that the young Augustus returns in triumph. Jerusalem is the first city which receives Augustus Cæsar as the conqueror of the Western World. Then he orders that all his subjects shall be enrolled in the places of their birth. As the rolls come in year after year which record the extent of his sway, does he happen to see those brought from this Judæa? Does he remember that that was the first ground where he showed his undisputed power? Does he open one of them perhaps? Does his eye rest careless on the roll from Bethlehem (where we camped that triumphant day as we waited for the procession from Jerusalem)? Does he catch the names of one Joseph and one Mary, natives of Bethlehem and Judah, and of their infant son?"

THE old word is true, with a new application to all who try to procure salvation by any work of their own: "Thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep." But there is no need for all this profitless work. It is as foolish as it would be to spend money in sinking a well in some mountainous country, where every hillside is seamed with water-courses, and all that is needed is to put one end of a wooden spout into the "burn" and your vessels under the other.

Our Letter-Box.

OLA's letter tells us of a very naughty dog. Can he not be taught that fowls are not to be eaten till they are cooked?

DEAR EDITOR, — I am ten years old. I live with my Grandma and Grandpa because my mother is dead. They keep poultry. At one time they had over a hundred fowls, but now they have not, because a watch-dog we have (his name is Jack) would kill and then eat them. One time my father sent me a pair of Bantams. Grandma named them Punch and Judy. I was afraid of Punch because he would chase me. He wanted to play. But after a while Jack killed Punch and took him into his bed, and then invited the cat to feast with him. We found them together devouring Punch. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. Although I live some distance from church I manage to get there.

Your interested reader,

OLA GLAZIER.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

ENIGMA XV.

I am composed of 12 letters.

My 7, 11, 10, is the opposite of mirthful.

My 1, 4, 4, 2, is a girl's name.

My 10, 8, 3, 4, 5, 6, is what a housekeeper needs.

My 9, 5, 2, 4, is what all children ought to be.

My 6, 12, 1, is a kind of grain.

My whole is one of the movable Festivals.

L. J. H.

TEMPLETON, MASS.

DEAR EDITOR, — I have noticed that you do not have many letters in the EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, so I thought I would write you a letter. I like to read the EVERY OTHER SUNDAY very much. I think it has very pretty stories in it. I have one little brother and sister, who like to have the stories read to them.

OLIVE ESTHER DRAKE, age, 10 years.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

NEWTON HIGHLANDS.

DEAR EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, — I take your paper, and I like you very much. I think that you would like to be here where I live. I live near a large lake called Crystal Lake. In winter I skate, and in summer I go boating. My brother has a large flat-bottom sail-boat in which I take great delight. My aunt, who is a school-teacher, lives in Milford. Every year she has her scholars write to us. I wish that you would print this, as it is the first that I have ever written.

Your true reader,

C., age, 11 years.

ACROSTIC IV.

1. A patriarch whose life exemplified patience under suffering.
2. An animal used much in the sacrifices of the Jews.
3. The wife of Abraham.
4. A king of Tyre who was friend to both David and Solomon.
5. A wise and pious king of Judah who lived in the time of the prophet Zechariah.
6. A son of Adam.

Answer: The "servant" of Moses.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

41. The Passover, the Feast of Pentecost, and the Feast of Tabernacles.
42. The Passover in the month Abib, or Nisan (which nearly corresponds to our March), from the fourteenth to the twenty-first days; Pentecost, on the sixth day of the month Sivan, which would be about the end of May; the feast of Tabernacles, from the fifteenth to the twenty-second of the month Tisri, which nearly corresponds to our October.
43. In Jerusalem.
44. Every male Israelite was commanded "to appear before the Lord," — that is, to appear in the court of the Temple to make his offering; but the attendance of the women was voluntary.
45. Suspension of labor, offering of special sacrifices, and the assembling of the people in Jerusalem. (Exodus xxiii. 14-18.)

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 14.

CHARADE III. Madagascar.

CHARADE IV. Passover.

ANAGRAM. Fruit in the morning is golden, at noon silver, at night lead.

ACROSTICS.

II.		II.
Jericho.	Jerusalem.	Matthias.
Ebal.		Elias.
Red Sea.		Salome.
Uz.		Sparrow.
Siloam.		Immanuel.
Athens.		Anna.
Lystra.		Herod.
Egypt.		
Magdala.		

DIAMOND WORD PUZZLES.

I.		II.
F		COS
ART		CALLA
FRAIL		GOLIATH
TIN		SLATE
L		ATE
		H

CROSS AND SQUARE No. 2.

B	E	T	H	L	E	H	E	M
A		A		A				
T		I		Y				
H		S		F				
S	O	R	R	O	W	F	U	L
H		R		O				
E		B		W				
B		M		E				
A	L	E	X	A	N	D	E	R

For Youngest Readers.

"DID N'T THINK."

BY LUCY F. YOUNG.



Did you ever hear of a giant, Johnny?" asked Papa, as he was pulling off his overshoes, while Johnny stood before him waiting to carry them away.

"Why, yes," answered Johnny, quickly; "my new book tells about them. They are twelve feet tall and carry —"

"I have seen one to-day," interrupted Papa, soberly.

"A real one? How did he look? Did he carry a big club, and knock over the trees, and have a voice like thunder?" exclaimed Johnny, all in one breath.

"I saw no trees fall; but he had something in his hand with which he caused more suffering than any of your giants with their clubs."

"What was it, and what did he do?" asked Johnny, stopping in astonishment, with a dripping overshoe in each hand.

"Carry the overshoes out quickly, and after supper I will tell you about him," answered Papa.

The meal seemed unusually long to Johnny, but at last Papa pushed back his chair and

said, "Now, Johnny, I will tell you a story, and see if you can find the giant."

Johnny flew into the sitting-room, pulled Papa's easy-chair before the fire, and as he sat down, Johnny jumped upon the broad arm, and asked, "How big was he, Papa?"

"Big enough to cause pain and startle every one in the car. I had been reading, but had put the paper down, as we neared the little station at A——, to get the pretty view of the river, when I saw —"

"Oh, I know where that is," interrupted Johnny. "There is a school a little way up the street, and we always see lots of children waving to the cars. Did the children see him? Go on!"

"Yes, there were several children waving to us as usual, and I think they saw the giant, but perhaps did not know it."

Johnny looked puzzled.

"You know the train runs pretty fast around the corner and across the street there, but the children can be seen from the whole curve. School was just out, and it was a pretty sight to see the children with their bright faces, waving hats and handkerchiefs to us as we passed. I noticed two little boys about your size who were throwing stones in a very careless manner. One of the boys turned, watched the train a moment, and then quickly picked up a stone and threw it.

"There was a crash, a noise of breaking glass, a moan of pain from a lady, and a startled cry from many of the other passengers."

"Oh!" exclaimed Johnny, "did the glass cut her?"

"Not badly," answered his father soberly, "it was worse than that. Some of the glass went into her eyes and caused her much pain. Fortunately there was a doctor on the train who succeeded in taking out the glass. But think, Johnny, what that thoughtless little boy might have caused."

"Yes," answered Johnny, slowly. "He might have made her blind. Did the doctor think it would?"

"He thought not, but told her she must not use her eyes for some time."

Johnny was silent a minute, then he said, "But the boy did not mean to, Papa. He did n't think he would really hit the train."

"Probably not," answered Papa; "but it is best to think of the consequences of our actions as well as the actions themselves. The little boy only thought, as you might, that it would be fun to see if he could hit the train. He never stopped to think what if he should. But I guess you have found my giant. Can you give his name?"

"Oh, I had forgotten all about him. I guess you would call him 'Did n't think.' I thought you meant a real true giant."

"He is as real and true as you will ever see, my boy; and his name is thoughtlessness, or, as you have said, 'Did n't Think.'"



HAGAR.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

OUR FRIEND BUFFY.

BY S. L. CLAYES.

BUFFY is one of our summer friends. When the soft warm nights tempt us out of doors, and we make the veranda our evening gathering-place, Buffy generally contrives to join our party. I am sorry to say he is not beautiful, a pair of very fine eyes being his only good-looking feature. Perhaps this makes him so modest and retiring, — preferring the gloaming or even the soft shadows of night to that pitiless light of day which searches out and reveals all uncomeliness. Sometimes he will sit with us under the shelter of the veranda roof, but oftener chooses to take his place out on the grass in front. He seems to have no fear of dews; in fact, he has been known to stay outside when it was really raining. Poor fellow! he belongs to a race which has been greatly misrepresented, and which people are only now just beginning to treat with a moderate amount of toleration and kindness; yet he and his relatives are not merely harmless, but, in a quiet way, are our very good and useful friends, — for Buffy is a toad.

Perhaps his history will be interesting. His mother, unlike her cousins the frogs, usually avoided the water; but she sought out, early one spring, a quiet spot in a little brook, and there deposited her eggs. They looked like long threads of jelly studded with tiny beads. These eggs in about twenty days hatched into tadpoles, or, as the boys say, "polliwogs." Most persons have seen the embryo toad in water, while few, perhaps, have examined it carefully; yet it will repay the trouble. It has no legs, and its body gradually tapers into a tail, which serves as a most efficient oar in sculling about. It breathes through gills like those of a fish, and its mouth is a horny beak, which falls off when it changes into a proper toad. This is an event that occurs while the toad is still very small. First the hind legs begin to show themselves through the transparent skin of its back; the fore legs follow, and the tail disappears. The little creature then attempts to draw in air through its mouth; it succeeds; the gills close up, the lungs act, and the polliwog emerges from the water and moves upon the land a perfect and yet very diminutive toad.

This was the story of Buffy's entrance into the world. He was so very small at first, and had so many enemies, that it is truly a marvel he survived all the perils which surrounded him. But Nature had given him a fine appetite; he grew rapidly in size, and finally chose the spot beneath our veranda floor for his home.

Let us look at him carefully now that he has come to live beside us. As I said, we do not find him comely. His figure is short and thick, and his movements slow and clumsy. His eyes are exceedingly bright, with a mild, sad, dreamy expression; and they are protected by three sets of eyelids. Being an American toad, he hops, something as a frog leaps, but awkwardly and with far less power. In England there are two kinds of toads; one, the common toad, which crawls instead of hopping; while the other, the natter-jack, neither crawls nor jumps, but runs like a mouse. But Buffy, as I said, is an American, and hops. His skin is rough; in color a pale buff underneath the body, and brownish gray above; and it is covered with ugly warts

of a darker hue. Its abundant moisture, which is essential to his health as well as comfort, adds somewhat to his unattractiveness; but when we touch the similarly cold, damp muzzle of a dog we do not shrink with the same shudder. This may be owing in part to the superstitious tales that have so long been rife concerning toads.

The ancients believed that toads carried a deadly poison. Pliny says that they are powerful agents in driving men mad; Juvenal, that a woman killed her husband by mixing their poison with his wine; and Ælian, that they convey death by their look and breath. Similar beliefs continued throughout the Middle Ages, and, I am afraid, to a very much later date. It is true that a milky moisture flows from the pores of the toad's skin, and that every one of these creatures carries a sack of pure water, unconnected with the kidneys, a portion of which it ejects when you suddenly grasp it in your hand. But these fluids are nearly harmless in the common English and American toads. They might possibly prove irritating to the eyes, or to an open cut, but they have no effect when applied to the unbroken human skin.

Buffy's mouth is large and ugly, but it is as innocent of teeth as that of a little baby. His tongue is long and flexible, and when he sees an insect moving before him he thrusts this tongue out, quick as a lightning flash, strikes his prey and draws it into his mouth, — the tip of the tongue being bathed in a sticky fluid which greatly aids him in doing this. But he does not eat everything in this way. It is amusing to watch his treatment of an angle-worm. He uses his fore paws as a child does its hands, and greedily tucks in the whole worm before he begins to swallow any of it. In one respect he is most whimsical: his food must be alive and actually moving before him, otherwise he will not touch it, however hungry he may be. He has a curious habit of swelling up — puffing himself out — when anything alarms or disturbs him; but this is usually the end of his valor, for if the creature is undaunted and continues its approach, Buffy turns and hops away with a headlong speed that is truly comical.

Once every year Buffy gets a new skin. The old one splits down the back; he cleverly wriggles out of it, turning it inside out in the process; then crams first one-half and then the other into his mouth, and swallows it as eagerly as if it were the most tempting dainty of which some one was waiting to deprive him. He lies torpid during the cold weather, and it is interesting to see his preparations for his winter's sleep. He digs a hole easily and quickly with his hind feet, into which he retires backwards, shutting the three pairs of lids down over his eyes; and finally covering himself deep in the earth, he gives no further sign of life for six or more months, after which he comes out again thin, perhaps, but otherwise the same as ever, and ready once more to do us service by devouring great numbers of those insects which work us mischief.

It is clearly impossible to say how long Buffy's life may continue, but toads have repeatedly been known to live fourteen or fifteen years. There is an account of one in England that attained to nearly forty years of age, and was then destroyed by the attack of a raven. So, accidents apart, we may reasonably hope that Buffy will continue to give us his company on summer evenings for many years to come.

THE difference between youth and old age is that one has hopes, the other memories.

EPIMETHEUS.

BY F. C. C.

AFTER Prometheus, about whom you heard something a while ago, had given fire back to the human race, Zeus was so greatly wroth that he resolved to work the ruin of all mankind. The gods always used some mortal as their instrument, and worked so far as possible in a human sort of way.

This Prometheus had a brother named Epimetheus, as thoughtless as his brother was wise and thoughtful. His name signifies "after thought," "second thought," or "no thought at all." His brother Prometheus had told him on no account whatever to accept any gift from Zeus. Now, Zeus made a most beautiful woman, the first to come upon earth, named Pandora, or the "all-gifted," because all the gods had bestowed some power upon her to injure the human race. Epimetheus forgot till it was too late the advice of his brother, and took the woman to be his wife. He had a box, vessel, or jar, as it is variously called, which was securely fastened and stood in a room within his palace. Pandora could not, one day, resist the temptation to open it and see what it contained; and it was then that Epimetheus was given cause to repent his disregard of his brother's advice. For the moment the lid of the vessel was opened, out flew all the ills to which the human race is heir to; and Pandora had just time enough to shut the box and prevent the escape of hope.

Another legend makes the box filled with blessings, all of which escaped except hope. Be that as it may, both legends endeavor to explain the appearance of evil upon earth, and this through want of forethought on the part of mankind.

The Hebrews attribute the origin of evil to the disobedience of Eve to the divine command, who involved Adam in the same ruin as herself, and thus afflicted after generations with sin and sorrow.

There has been no nation that has not at one time or another sought to explain the origin and destiny of man, and the presence of suffering in the world. These efforts were at first weak and futile, owing to superstition and ignorance, — as may be seen among many savage and barbarous peoples to-day, — but were sufficiently satisfactory until the nation became more civilized. Thus have grown up the numerous myths and legends more or less beautiful and poetical, or gross and unedifying, which fill the early history of every people. The mythologies of the Egyptians, the Greeks, and Romans are peculiarly rich, and hide many truths under a mythical garb.

But as a nation becomes more enlightened it is not Eve, it is not Pandora, nor even Epimetheus, who is considered to be the cause of human misery, but the mistakes and vain gropings of man alone; who from ignorance, selfishness, or covetousness neglects to follow his fellow man's experience until too late to remedy the evil. Hence it is that we see around us to-day many men who are like Epimetheus. They have no fore-thought; and their after-thought is very apt to be no thought at all, so far as their own actions are concerned.

THE TWO NEW DRESSES.

BY MRS. LUTHER KEENE.

THE one before me is a dainty thing, of golden-brown cashmere, finished with "kiltings" and soft silk sash; lustrous buttons, and interlacing cord

and tassels make a marvellous affair of the tiny basque. The dressmaker, a stately old lady, turns the nine-year old maiden round and round, pats her blushing cheek, saying to her mother, "There, Mrs. Burr, that is just lovely, — fit for the Queen!"

Annie thought so, too; but wondered why mother's eyes had such an "awful cryey" look in them, as she counted out the seven dollars and laid them in the smiling woman's hand.

Dancing along at her mother's side, through the drifts of red and golden leaves, Annie's mind was soon filled again with the pretty dress and tomorrow's birthday party, when mother, reaching for her hand, said, "Shall I tell you a story about another new dress?"

"Oh, do, do!" In an instant the dancing feet were creeping along quietly with her mother's, who began, —

"Many, many years ago —"

"Oh, just *how* many, Mamma?"

"Well, more than thirty, I guess, little one; Mother was just as old as you are to-night; her hair fell over her eyes in brown curls like yours, her heart was as light and her feet as full of dance. But her papa was a poor man, and her mamma was often ill. Her home was a small yellow cottage, with a red front door; and it stood in a little green garden on the top of a hill, looking down on the beautiful river. Here I played with sister Martha and brother Tommy; and when our mother's headaches came on, I turned housekeeper; put the potatoes into the hot ashes to roast, or stirred the 'hasty pudding' for supper. When it was ready, father poured milk into three blue bowls, dropped in the golden pudding, and we three sat down before the bright fire to eat it, wondering if the fairies had anything nicer! For we had never so much as heard of Parker-House rolls, jelly-cake, or ice-cream."

"Dear me! poor Mamma! I wish you had heard about ice-cream, — it makes me lonesome for you!"

"No need, dearie, for we were jolly hearts, who did not even know the word lonesome."

"Well, at the foot of our hill, in the great white house, with a shining brass knocker on the front door, lived good Dr. Stanhope. His daughter Kitty, who was going away to boarding-school, had invited all the big and little boys and girls to a good-by party, on her birthday. Now, our mother was as proud of her little girls as any rich mother ever was; and *more* loving than any one I ever knew. It was hard for her to say 'No' to the gilt-edged billet, which read, —

OCTOBER 21, 1835.

Kitty Stanhope's compliments, and she would be happy to have your company to tea, at five o'clock, Tuesday next.

"No shoes, no gowns," thought our mother. "If I can only finish these garments for Kitty, they might have shoes; but the gowns!" After thinking over her sewing a long time, she suddenly slipped away to the garret; opening a chest she took out and slowly unfolded the funniest dress you ever saw. It had been her mother's 'best gown,' — a silk that looked black holding it one way, and crimson the other. Beneath this lay another quite as old and curious, of brown taffeta, with raised diamonds of bright yellow sprinkled over it. Well worn, of course they were, and *not* the properest thing in the world for such wee maidens. Nevertheless, she folded both, and tucking them into a basket, took her two girlyies by the hand, and walked through the leaves, as we are walking now, to a neighbor who made

dresses and bonnets to earn bread for her children. The kind woman smiled all over when she saw the quaint gowns, but said, with a little pat on my cheek, 'We'll make them do beautifully.' Whereupon she began to pin to my waist the end of what looked to me 'most a mile' of white cloth, poking me under the chin, pinching up little seams here and there, and frightening me dreadfully with her big shears. As fast as she removed the pins she put them into her rather wide mouth, until I was actually afraid she would be choked to death, for she kept on smiling and chatting just the same. By-and-by she tried on the sleeve; how you would laugh to see it now! — gathered full at the top, and after swelling out like brother's balloon, suddenly growing small till at the wrist my little chubby fist could just push through. Three plain breadths of silk made the skirt, which, sewed on to a *very* short waist, fell straight and close about my ankles. But the *glory* that shone out of the red and black folds of that little gown has not faded away yet.

"The long hours of day and night that our mother bent over her work for her girlyies I knew little about then; through many of them I slept sweetly, or dreamed of the enchanting party so near.

"But to-day when the very same dressmaker, only grown rich and famous, patted my little daughter's cheek and praised her dress, another sight came back to me: two sober frocks laid out on mother's high bed, two pairs of shining shoes standing close together on the hearth, my mother's smiling eyes as she smoothed my hair, giving us careful directions as to our behavior on this our first appearance in the great world.

"Oh, that wonderful, wonderful party, in that great parlor all alight with tall candles, and the laughing fire on the hearth; the big birthday-cake piled with snowy frosting and 'sugar-plums;' the dear, welcoming face at home when it was all over, and best of all, I do believe, the telling it all to our happy mother, while she tucked us into our white bed! I remember now my secret wonder, how anybody *could* look so happy and shining who had not *seen* it all. But she kept the same shining face and patient voice through years of care and poverty, till her work was all done, and we folded her tired hands and laid her softly down to rest. And, dear, I have been asking our Father to let me leave to my little girl a legacy better than ever so much gold, the memory of a good mother."

THE DISCIPLES.

Sunday-School Exercise for Younger Scholars.

WRITTEN FOR EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

Teacher. We learn from the Gospels that there were certain followers of Jesus who were called his Disciples. Can you tell me how many there were?

1st Scholar. Twelve.

Teacher. We read that Jesus *chose* these twelve disciples. What was his object in doing so?

1st Scholar. That "they should be with him" to learn of him, and "that he might send them forth to preach" (Mark iii. 14).

Teacher. As it seems, then, that these twelve disciples were the first to tell the world about their Master, Jesus Christ, — whom now we *all* love, — I think it would be interesting to find out all we can about them. First, can you tell me their names?

2d Scholar. Peter, Andrew, James (son of Zebedee), John, Philip, Bartholomew, Thomas, Matthew, James (son of Alphaeus), Thaddeus, Simon, and Judas.

Teacher. And now you may tell me what you can remember yourselves about these men, and then we will take our Testaments and see what more we can find.

3d Scholar. Peter was the disciple who denied Jesus.

4th Scholar. John was the "beloved disciple" to whom Jesus gave the care of his mother, when he was dying on the cross.

5th Scholar. Matthew wrote the first Gospel, and he was a publican.

6th Scholar. Judas betrayed Jesus into the hands of the Jews.

7th Scholar. Andrew and James were fishermen.

Teacher. Were there not others of the disciples who were fishermen also?

7th Scholar. Yes, Simon and John.

Teacher. What more can you tell of these four fishermen whom Jesus made "fishers of men"? (Matthew iv. 19.)

8th Scholar. John and James were brothers, as were also Simon and Andrew, and the four were partners in their calling of fishermen.

Teacher. Where did they live?

8th Scholar. At Capernaum, a city on the west shore of the Lake of Galilee.

Teacher. Three of these four disciples were given special names by Jesus. Who can tell me what they were?

9th Scholar. Simon was called *Peter*, which means a stone; and John and James were called *Boanerges*, which means Sons of Thunder.

Teacher. Now let us turn to our Testaments and see why Jesus gave them such names. Read first John i. 40-42. The word translated here "a stone" is in Matthew called a rock. We say a man's principles are as "firm as a rock" when he cannot be influenced to do wrong. Jesus knew that Peter would be a faithful disciple to him in the end, even though he should deny him during the excitement and terror that accompanied the crucifixion. Now, if you will read Luke ix. 52, 55, we shall see what disposition in the other disciples gave them the name of Sons of Thunder. Some one said Matthew was a publican. Who can tell me what a publican is?

5th Scholar. A tax-gatherer. Judea, the country in which Jesus lived, was then a province belonging to the Roman Empire, and the Jews were obliged to pay tribute.

Teacher. What more do the Gospels tell us of Matthew?

5th Scholar. Nothing, except that he made a feast for Jesus at his house, at the time that he was called to be a disciple. (Luke v. 27-33.)

Teacher. Peter and Andrew were natives of Bethsaida, a town near Capernaum. Another of the disciples came from that town. Can you tell me his name?

1st Scholar. Philip.

Teacher. In the account (John i. 43-51) of Jesus calling Philip, there is mention of one Nathanael whom Philip "speaks" to. Who is this Nathanael?

2d Scholar. The disciple who is called Bartholomew by Matthew (x. 3).

Teacher. How did it happen that all these men were so ready to follow Jesus?

10th Scholar. Many of them were followers of John the Baptist, and they were looking for the Christ to come.

Teacher. Who was John the Baptist?

10th Scholar. A prophet who was sent to "prepare the way" for Jesus.

Teacher. Do the Gospels tell us anything more of this Nathanael?

3d Scholar. He is mentioned as being one of the disciples to whom Jesus appeared after his resurrection, when he met them as they came to the shore after a night's fruitless fishing, and with whom Jesus ate of the fish he had prepared. (John xxi. 1-15.)

Teacher. It was on that occasion that Jesus three times commanded Peter, "Feed my sheep," seeming thus to leave his followers particularly in Peter's keeping, as if he were the chief of the disciples. If

we should read the Gospels carefully, we should see how important a member of that band Peter was from the first. Do we learn as much of his brother Andrew?

9th Scholar. No, very little, except that it was through him that Peter was brought to Jesus. (John i. 35-42.)

Teacher. You mentioned before that John was called the "beloved disciple." Can you tell me anything more of him?

4th Scholar. He lived to a great age, and we have of the writings ascribed to him one Gospel, three Epistles, and the book of Revelation.

Teacher. What is an Epistle?

4th Scholar. A letter.

Teacher. The disciple called Thomas is known to us all as the incredulous one, the one who found it hard to believe. The story that best shows his character is found in John xx. 24-31. Let us read that.

There are three of the disciples about whom we know very little,—James, the son of Alphaeus; Lebbeus, whose surname was Thaddeus; and Simon, the Canaanite. All three are supposed to have been kinsmen of Jesus, to have preached the Gospel, and to have suffered martyrdom for their faith, as indeed most of the disciples did. We have the account of one in Acts, xii. 1, 2,—will you read it?

Peter is said to have been crucified in Rome; Andrew, in a city of Achaia which is a part of Greece. The cross upon which Andrew suffered is said to have been of peculiar shape,—like a narrow letter x. It is called St. Andrew's cross. Do you know what were the disciple John's sufferings for the Gospel's sake?

7th Scholar. He was imprisoned in Rome and exiled to the bare and rugged Island of Patmos, in the Aegean Sea. It was there he wrote the Revelation. It is thought he died in Ephesus.

Teacher. Does the New Testament tell us anything of the families of these disciples?

8th Scholar. Very little. We read that Philip had four daughters who prophesied (Acts xxi. 8, 9), and we know that Peter was married, for we hear that Jesus cured his wife's mother of a fever. (Matthew viii. 14.)

Teacher. It only remains now to speak of Judas Iscariot, the betrayer. What was his besetting sin?

6th Scholar. Avarice. He carried the purse for the band of disciples, and betrayed Jesus for money.

Teacher. How much money?

6th Scholar. Thirty pieces of silver.

[Look at the picture on the first page of this paper, and read what is said there.—ED.]

Teacher. It is supposed by some that Judas thought Jesus would save himself by his great power, and that he did not believe the Jews could crucify him. Whatever is the truth, his repentance was quick to come and his end was horrible. Let us read Matthew's account of it. (Matthew xxvii. 1-9.)

Teacher. We are told in the Acts of the Apostles (i. 26) that one Matthias was chosen to take the place of Judas in this band of disciples, but we know nothing particular about him. In the conversation Jesus had with Peter when he gave him the care of his little flock of believers, saying, "Feed my sheep," there was one injunction which concerns us all. It is very short, being contained in two words. What are they?

9th Scholar. "Follow me." (John xxi. 19.)

Teacher. What is it to follow Jesus?

9th Scholar. To try to be like him.

Teacher. And if we try to be like him, what shall we do?

10th Scholar. We shall be kind and loving, honest and pure, brave and faithful in our thoughts as well as in our deeds.

Teacher. And if we do this we shall be his disciples as well as the Twelve, for we shall be with him in spirit, and our actions will proclaim the good news of his life to all who see them.

Our Question-Box.

Have I not heard or read something about another scheme of graded lessons besides that prepared by Rev. Mr. Horton?

Very likely you have. The Sunday-School Society announced such a publication sometime ago, and the leaflet is now just from the press. It is issued for free circulation, and bears the title, "The Hopedale Experiment in Sunday-school Teaching."

Does a blackboard help in Sunday-school work?

Yes; it often is of great assistance in class-work, if it is in the hands of a competent and judicious teacher. It should always, we think, be made use of in the primary department, and may often be advantageously employed with older classes. For general exercises it is recommended only in exceptional cases, where the lesson for the whole school may be displayed or illustrated by its aid. In every instance it is essential that teacher or superintendent should know how to use the board so as to subordinate illustration to teaching.

Is the effect of the work done by your Sunday-school to diminish the attendance at church?

No; on the contrary, those who are regular at school are regular at church, because it is at the first that we have learned how to care for the last. The kind of children that do not like school, will not like church.

Is the Sunday-school in any sense a substitute with any class of children for the church?

Yes. The Mission Sunday-school with mission children takes the place of the church; they often like it better than the church; it is more natural.

Is it well ever to give prizes in Sunday-school?

As a general rule, no.

The object of all Sunday-school teaching being to grow character [sic!], why keep pupils on Bible statements?

The two parts of this question do not seem to fit each other very closely. It is certainly true that all the religious training of the Sunday-school is with a view to forming character of the right sort. If any statement from the Bible or any other source will hinder this growth in good character, the children ought not to be "kept upon" it or even introduced to its knowledge. Bible statements are valuable just as other statements are,—namely, if they are true history, or philosophy, or morals, or religion, or human experience. The general feeling of good men and women has been for eighteen hundred years in Christendom, that there were many such statements in the Bible, and that the best character has grown in those who like the Psalmist had "meditated on God's precepts" because they "delighted in them." An intelligent and devout spirit set to lead younger minds into the truth will not "keep" them on any "statement," but will try to show them the fact which underlies the statement. The Bible is a good text-book for the teacher, but the good teacher must have insight, and see a wide margin of truth beyond any text of whatever kind. Human experience and character are not good because any statement has been made about them; the statement is true because it corresponds to the facts of character and experience.

Our Book Table.

CLASS B.

Books for Intermediate Pupils.

REAL FAIRY FOLKS. By Lucy Rider Meyer, A.M. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. pp. 389. Price, \$1.00.

Mrs. Meyer has here done for chemistry what the author of "Grammar-Land" did so clearly for the study of the parts of speech. Her fairy folks are the atoms that are at work in gases and acids, in metals and plants. These personified atoms are made the subjects of conversations in which the Professor and his inquisitive nephew and niece talk about the wonderful relationships, amusing behavior, and curious affinities of the "real fairies."

No boy or girl can read the book without gaining a love for what the author calls "the beautiful science of chemistry," or fail to be led to look through Nature to Nature's God in contemplating the action and interaction of chemic forces.

CLASS C.

Books for Teachers and Adult Classes.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF ROBERT BROWNING'S POETRY. By H. Corson, LL.D. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. pp. 338. Price, \$1.40.

In "Hebrew Prophets and Kings," the author refers to Browning's "Saul" as a poem that may be read with profit in connection with the study of the life of David. But Browning may be commended to the Sunday-school teacher or older pupil as in general a helpful and inspiring religious guide,—a teacher whose words are a tonic to weak souls, a bracing and invigorating sea-breeze to sluggish wills.

Professor Corson's volume is just the book to introduce the general reader to the philosophical poet. The author's essays in the opening chapters are valuable as placing Browning in the best light for the student. Then follow brief but exceedingly clear expositions of the "Arguments" of some of the poems, followed by the poems themselves with abundant notes. The selections given include some of the poet's finest lyrics, together with representative poems on painting, music, and themes of a distinctively religious character.

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